

# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL

VOLUME 7, NUMBER 41,

WRANGELL, ALASKA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1909

\$2.50 PER YEAR, 10c. PER COPY

## Ham Island Marble Properties Sold

The district at large will be glad to learn that Messrs. Lowery and Woodbridge have closed their deal with the Vermont Marble Co. for their Ham Island marble properties. While the actual purchase price was not made public, still it is understood that it was in the neighborhood of six thousand dollars, which amount has been paid, and the claims, seven in all, have been turned over to the buyers.

Manager Robinson of the marble company states that his company would open up the properties at once, and he is already calling for bids on the necessary buildings. The intention is to erect bunk houses and the like, large enough to accommodate close to a hundred men. From this it will be seen that the plant is going to be a large one, and its proximity to Wrangell will mean much to local merchants.

The marble on Ham Island is particularly suited to interior fin-

ishing and as there is quite a demand for material of this nature at the present, no time will be lost in bringing the property into the shipping class.

Manager Robinson was a passenger south on the Jefferson, but will return shortly to superintend operations on the newly acquired properties.

### Pay Your Taxes

Remember that tomorrow is the last day you have in which to pay your taxes and save yourself the penalty which according to law will be tacked on after that date. As stated in the notice elsewhere, the books are now open at Patenaude's barber shop.

### Fishermen Attention

From May 1, 1910, I will pay not less than 75 cents for red salmon above 16 pounds, and 20 cents for whites. K. J. JOHANSEN.

## Burned And Sunk

Word comes by wireless that at about three o'clock this morning, as the launch J. G. Osborne was leaving Petersburg for Wrangell, she caught fire and burned to the water line, later sinking in deep water. Judge Snyder, Marshal Lowe, A. Stewart, under arrest for selling liquor, and several witnesses were on board and were rescued by those on the wharf. The boat, which was the property of Al. Osborne, is, as far as can be learned at this time, a total loss.

## Old-Fashioned Building Bee

Men and boys, big and little alike, have been vying with each other this past week in the erection of St. Philips hall, the big social hall which is being constructed on the church lot. Most everybody in town has contributed a day or two's work, either in person or by proxy, and the result thereof is to be seen in the rapidly growing edifice. The hall will be fitted up with reading room and gymnasium so that there will be no lack of recreation for those who may desire to avail themselves of the hall and its equipment.

## Hears From Old Timer

L. C. Patenaude was in receipt by a recent boat of a letter from an old time Wrangellite, "Billy" Richardson, dated at Fairbanks, Alaska. The letter contained the news that the writer had put in the summer at Richardson, and had recently gone from that place to Fairbanks where he expected to spend the holidays, and then return to Richardson. He reports business conditions in the interior in general as being very dull, but thought that times would shortly pick up again. He of course expressed the wish that "Pat" would remember him kindly to his many old-time friends here in Wrangell.

## Next Year's Expenses

The secretary of the treasury, in his estimate of the expenses of the government for the ensuing year, apportions \$881,500 to Alaska as follows: Boundary survey, \$200,000; care of insane, \$50,000; education of natives, \$200,000; protection of game, \$10,000; reindeer, \$12,000; support of natives, \$19,500; cable and telegraph lines, \$75,000; St. Michael canal, \$100,000; lighthouse tender and lights, \$125,000; salaries of governor, judges, etc., \$90,000.

## Sawmill Promises Long Run

The expectations of the management of the local sawmill at the present time are that the mill will start up for the season's run within five or six weeks, if the weather continues favorable. The indications at the present time point to a long season, as big orders out of the ordinary are already in, and then there is the regular business of the mill besides.

It is to be hoped that the promises now in sight will materialize into certainties, and that more will follow, as the town needs to have the mill running and the resulting paychecks circulating around in the business channels.

There is little or no probability of a sale of the property at this time, and the impression now is that the mill can be operated at a good profit, with anything like an average season in sight, so everybody interested has about decided to leave matters as they are, in the hope that general business condi-

tions will improve to such an extent that money will loosen up and a bidder appear, who will be willing and able to offer somewhere in the neighborhood of what the property is actually worth.

The box factory is unquestionably the best and most complete in the whole of Alaska, and it is to be hoped that it will be kept busy for a good long run in the season now approaching.

## Saved Most of the Lumber

Word arrives from Petersburg that the greater part of the lumber which was on the P. C. & N. Pkg. Co.'s wharf at that place when it collapsed last week has been saved and will shortly be stacked up again. The loss will amount to between two and three hundred thousand feet.

Three piece orchestra at the firemen's Mask Ball tomorrow night.



The liberal share of patronage secured by this store during the year 1909, now closing, makes us feel good. It gives us that spirit of confidence necessary to success.

### Nothing Succeeds Like Success

We want your business. We are here to **Meet You Half Way** on a reasonable basis on any deal or accommodation that comes within the province of a well found, progressive department store.

We wish everybody a

## Happy New Year

Special Reduced prices on Ladies' Waists to make room for Spring Lines. Come In and Examine Our Stock.



We desire to thank you one and all for your patronage in the years that are past, and hope that you will continue it in the future, for by so doing you will make 1910 a

## Happy New Year To All

## DONALD SINCLAIR

Dealers in

## GENERAL MERCHANDISE

## Wrangell - - Alaska



# THE WRANGELL SENTINEL *Here And There In*

RICHARD BUSHELL, JR., Editor and Proprietor

Published at Wrangell, Alaska, every Thursday Afternoon

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## A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION

Resolutions of various kinds and calibers will no doubt be indulged in by many of Wrangell's population as their program for the incoming year, and there can be no denying the fact that the greater number of us can afford to make good resolutions, and what is more to the point, keep them, to the benefit of all concerned.

There is one resolution, however, which it behoves every man in Wrangell to make if he be interested at all in the town in which he is living, and that is to lay aside and forget the little differences he may have had with this one or that, and pull with the crowd for a bigger, better and more progressive Wrangell.

Without unity we can not hope ever to be more than we now are, with it, all things are possible.

Wrangell is generally acknowledged to be the center of the fishing industry of Southeastern Alaska; hither come the boats from Ketchikan on the one hand and Juneau and Douglas on the other after saw-logs; nowhere else in the district can compete with us in the production of furs; at our very door, in the immense flats at the mouth of the river is probably the only arable land in quantity, in the Alaska Panhandle; a huge stretch of mineralized country surrounds us on every hand, awaiting the coming of prospector and miner to convert this region into a second Butte. All these things has kind old Nature provided, and all that remains for us to do, is to stretch forth our hands and pluck the good things within our reach. In other words, the rest is up to us. We cannot in reason expect matters to form themselves for our benefit, but must expect to bring them into existence ourselves. To do this we must all get busy, everyone of us doing his share and striving for that better Wrangell we are all so anxious to see.

The chamber of commerce of Seward recently adopted a slogan of just one word—BOOST—which hits the nail squarely on the head.

There you have it, "boost." If you boost your town, you boost yourself. Don't worry and quit if you see that some other fellow is getting a little out of the deal, too. Remember rather, that the town's progress is yours, and for that matter, every man's in it.

Here then is your New Year's resolution, and see to it that you keep it after you have made it, for by so doing you will make 1910 and the years following it both happy and prosperous.

It took two officers to take Roos to Juneau on the Jefferson. Charley must have blossomed out rather suddenly into a bad "bad man," or can it be possible that it was just an attempt to justify the presence of those scars upon his head?

Better look up your old history. The census enumerator is abroad in the land. You will probably be asked questions ranging from the number of your teeth to the condition of your pocket book and conscience, but answer them carefully and truthfully, for your Uncle Sam needs the information in his business. Just why he wants to know some of the things he does it were hard to say, but he does, so that is all you and I will ever know about it.

Prizes for everybody at the Firemen's Mask Ball New Year's Eve.

Wada, the Japanese musher, and Alfred Lowell started out on the morning of December 4, on the long mush overland, from Seward to the Iditarod. The men are sent out by the Seward Commercial club to make the round trip for the purpose of demonstrating the feasibility and advantages of Seward as a starting point for the new gold fields.

## The North

An epidemic of petty thieving is prevalent at Fairbanks.

Willis Dentworth has been appointed postmaster at Deering.

The Fox Gulch roadhouse was burned last month with a loss of \$18,000.

Cordova experienced a shortage of water during the recent cold weather.

Fire destroyed the electric light plant at Prince Rupert the first of the month.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Aid Society of Fairbanks have placed on sale a home-made cook book.

Corporal Case, a member of the marine corps at Sitka, fell overboard while duck hunting and was drowned.

The school board at Cordova has asked the town council to appoint a truant officer to compel attendance at school.

Richard Booth, a young native residing at Metlakatla, shot himself with a rifle while deer hunting. The wound was fatal.

Hot Springs freighters are tangled up in a rate war. Goods are being hauled from Hot Springs to Sullivan Creek for 1 cent a pound.

A consignment of 500 ptarmigan shipped from Nome to Seattle on the last trip of the steamer Senator was seized by the federal game warden.

In his annual report, Fred Dennett, commissioner of the general land office, states that the coal and entry laws are too indefinite, and urges that they be made more specific concerning the consolidation of claims.

Emil Maurer, a wealthy German and an attaché of the German consulate at Chicago, has established a camp in the vicinity of Mt. McKinley and will spend the winter hunting. In the spring he expects to climb the big mountain.

The Langley brothers, owners of the steamer Tana, which was forced to go into winter quarters on Fish Creek on the Tanana on account of the early freeze-up, are preparing to construct another boat on lower LaBarge in which to take down their freight in the spring.

W. A. McKenzie, chief special agent for Alaska of the United states census bureau, is interesting himself in the matter of recommending to the government a feasible plan of keeping a correct record of the vital statistics of the district—births, deaths and cases of contagious disease.

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Try some.

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# PAID

Novelized From  
Eugene Walter's  
Great Play

"Well, since you raised his salary, captain, and gave him his extra work naturally he's anxious to make good," again prompted the superintendent.

"Anxious to make good? Well, he'll have a chance, and soon at that."

Mrs. Brooks rose, hand outstretched, and went to him, with a happy, grateful smile.

"Now that it's out I want to thank you ever so much," she said.

"Thank me?"

"Yes, for Joe's raise and that six months' back pay."

"He told you that?"

"Sure he did," put in Smith.

"He has forbidden me to speak of it to either you or Jimsy," Emma told him, "but since you have mentioned it first I can thank you, can't I?"

He did not return a direct answer, but rubbed his chin dubiously as he said:

"So I raised his pay, eh? And dated it back six months?"

"Of course you did," asseverated Smith with emphasis. "Don't let him fool you, Emma."

"You don't know how happy it's made us all," went on Mrs. Brooks gratefully. "I feel like a new woman, and mother appreciates it."

"Well, seems that I done all these things—"

He stopped abruptly as the door opened and his eyes rested on Brooks.

The latter's underjaw dropped, and he turned livid with fear at the unexpected presence of the captain. He was, in fact, so startled that he nearly collapsed.

"Ca-captain Williams!" he stammered, advancing tremblingly toward him.

"W-will you shake hands, captain?"

"Sure!" replied Williams in a firm voice. "How are you, Brooks?"

"I—I'm all right, I guess."

"You know, Joe, you told me not to thank the captain. But he brought it up—the raise and the money," said his wife, still full of the subject and her gratitude.

"No, I did, Joe," corrected Smith.

"You see, the captain feels"—

Brooks turned upon them, snarling like a wolf at bay.

"What are you trying to do—make fun of me? Don't you think that's it?"

"Now, Brooks," interrupted the captain authoritatively, "you sure are nervous. Your wife has just been telling me—how she enjoys your new income."

Mrs. Brooks, startled and alarmed, gazed at her husband.

"Why, Joe, are you sick?" she demanded.

"No, no! Maybe it's the heat," he replied weakly, passing his tongue over his dried lips.

There was a moment of general embarrassment, during which Captain Williams took stock of the room.

"You are fixed up mighty snug here, Mrs. Brooks," he commented, breaking the awkward silence.

"Yes, it is pleasant," she answered, now seriously worried.

Williams rose. "Well, I must go," he remarked.

"Do you want me to go with you?" asked Joe.

"No; tomorrow morning will do to see you. You know my lonely little quarters ain't more'n half a block from here, and I like to hang out there."

"The captain," added Smith, "lives in a little south sea island nook moved

# IN FULL

By  
John W. Harding

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## CHAPTER XI.

into his flat. He keeps it so dirty that some say it's attractive."

"That's what you get for being a bachelor," laughed Williams.

He moved toward the door, and the others rose.

"I'm glad to see you so happy, Mrs. Brooks," he observed, pausing and looking about him again.

"Thank you," said she.

"I never did know before what a little money meant to a woman."

"Perhaps that's because you don't know women."

"Oh, I know women—one kind, anyway. But Brooks is lucky in having a girl like you for a wife."

"Emma, he's giving you a little south Pacific blarney," put in Jimsy.

"Maybe I am and maybe I'm not," said the captain. "But," he continued emphatically, "it's a sure thing that if I had a girl like you I'd knuckle down and earn enough money to make you happy—eh, Brooks?"

"I suppose that's what you'd do," assented that individual.

"Yes, I'd work pretty hard without kicking to please you, Mrs. Brooks, if you looked to me to make good for you."

"Emma," declared Smith, with his quiet smile, "if you were single I'd suspect captain of getting a little soft."

"But I'd earn the money," went on the captain, pursuing his train of thought. "That's the only way to get along. Well, I'll say good night, Mrs. Brooks."

"Good night, captain. Thank you again."

"Good night, Smith."

"I may drop over later," remarked the superintendent by way of reply.

"Wish you would," the captain assured him with some eagerness.

"I'd like to smoke a pipe and talk awhile. Good night, Brooks."

"Good night, sir."

Brooks went forward and opened the door.

"Try to get down to the office by 8 in the morning," recommended the captain, gazing at him with sinister contempt.

"Yes, sir."

"There'll be some gentlemen there who may be anxious to meet you."

"I'll be there."

"Didn't know but what you might oversleep now that you're so prosperous. Good night."

Brooks shut the door and stood leaning against it, clutching the handle for support. The muscles of his face were twitching, and he gazed with frightened, haunted eyes from his wife to Smith.

"Have you told her, Jimsy?" he demanded.

Smith raised his hand in protest.

"No, Joe; it ain't the right time yet, and"—

"Why isn't it the right time? I'm trapped, and Williams"—

"Joe, see here," he expostulated; "you can't talk."

"What is it? What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Brooks, very pale.

Smith still sought to spare her, to keep the dreadful truth from her.

"There's just been a little trouble, Emma," he said evasively. "Joe here is all worked up—excited."

"I'll tell you what happened!" cried her husband in a choking voice, staggering to the table. "You think I got a raise. I didn't. You think that man Williams gave me six months' back pay. He didn't. All this money you've been living on—all of it—I stole. I took it from the company! Williams trapped me. He wanted me to steal. Now he knows—now he knows, and I'm done for!"

He fell into a chair and doubled forward, burying his face in his hands.

For once Smith was at a loss what to say.

Mrs. Brooks, paler than ever, stood rigid, as though turned to stone, staring at her husband.

"You mean," she articulated in low, slow tones, "you mean that you?"

"I'm a thief," he moaned brokenly without raising his head. "They know it. Detectives are downstairs watching—watching. Tomorrow—tomorrow—I'll be in jail."

Another long, awkward silence ensued. Smith ended it.

"You see, Emma, Joe here ain't so much to blame. He"—

"And you didn't let me know?"

There was cold reproach in her voice and in her gaze.

"It wasn't time," explained Jimsy uneasily. "There's a chance things can be squared—there's still a chance."

"Still, you didn't let me know?"

"The thing to do is to sit down quietly and talk this over. To begin with"—

"No, Jimsy. Please go home. I—I want to be with Joe—alone."

Smith took up his hat reluctantly and prepared to depart.

"Just as you say, Emma—just as you say," he said. "I'll do all I can to-night and let you know. Maybe it'll be all right."

"I know, Jimsy. Good night."

"Good night."

FOR a long time Mrs. Brooks stood gazing in silence at her husband, her heart rent with conflicting emotions. Her happiness of the past few months, then, had been built upon the precarious foundation of peculation. Oh, the horror! Oh, the shame of it! On the very morrow the name she bore would be held up to disgrace and derision. He would be cast into prison. The misery of their struggles with poverty was as nothing compared with that of their sudden downfall.

Numbered though her heart was with the shock, shrunk by the terror of their ghastly position, it was yet not impervious to pity, and the hopeless wretchedness of her husband inspired it. She thought of how he had lavished his stealings upon her, how he appeared to be moved by the one desire to make her comfortable and happy.

She went to him and put her hand on his head, smoothing his hair.

"Oh, Joe! Oh, my boy!" she said brokenly. "How could you do it?"

Didn't you know sooner or later you'd be found out? Now I know why you've been interested in the races—you've been betting on the horses."

"I—I wanted to get the money back," he sobbed.

"But didn't you know you couldn't? Oh, why didn't you leave things as they were—the flat, the struggle and all that? Why did you bring me here and show me all this—this happiness—with money that you stole?"

His sobbing ceased, and he pushed her away and rose.

"That's right. You call me a thief! If there was one person in the world I thought I could turn to it's you, and you turn on me."

"Joe, you mustn't say that. I haven't turned on you. Only I can't help but think"—

"What? That man Williams drove me to taking money."

"Drove you?"

"Yes, he did. He went away so I could take it. I expected you to stand by me. Do you know the hole I'm in? There are three central office men downstairs watching. If I make a move I'll be nabbed. It's all very well for you to stop and preach—you always were so d—d saintly—but what of me? That's the question—what of me?"

He thumped his breast violently.

She drew back, hurt by his reproaches.

"If I thought you were yourself I'd never forgive you for saying that to me," she declared.

"I'm not asking your forgiveness, nor your mother's, nor your sister's. What I want now is somebody to help me out. I don't want to go to jail. It would kill me."

"Do you think I want you to go to jail? Do you think I want the disgrace?"

"The disgrace—that's it! I knew that would come sooner or later, but I didn't think it would come from you. There's always somebody to hammer that into a fellow when he's down."

"I'm not trying to hammer anything into you. What I want to know is what can be done, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know—unless"—

"Unless we can get the money to pay back. There's Jimsy."

"That won't do. It's too much. He hasn't got it. Besides, it's too late. Williams means business. He wouldn't take the money. He's not that kind."

"Oh, if I only knew a way—if I could only help!"

She wrung her hands and sank hopelessly into a chair by the table.

Brooks paced the room restlessly, like a wild animal in a cage. Now and then he shot a peculiar, furtive glance in the direction of his wife. Finally he sat opposite to her, leaned toward her on the table and said in a low, intense voice:

"If anything is to be done it's got to be done tonight, Emma. Williams is the only man. You can square it with him."

"I can?"

"Yes, and no one but you."

"What can I do?"

He looked at her meaningly.

"He likes you."

Startled, she returned his gaze inquiringly.

"Yes, he does," he went on. "He always did. Women are his weak point. He's liked you for years. That's why he hangs around. I've seen it and heard what he said tonight about what he'd do for a girl like you. He meant that, Emma. He'll do anything you ask him if—if you go to him right."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# Thlinget Trading Company

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and Caps, Boots

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Clothing, Ladies' and

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# Wrangell, Alaska

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Alaska furs a specialty. Very top prices paid. Quick cash returns. Shippers held until returns approved, when requested. Make trial shipment. Convince Yourself. WRITE FOR CIRCULARS



"Anxious to make good? Well, he'll have a chance."



# A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL

**SHURICK DRUG CO.**

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## Seattle to Juneau Race

Preparations are being made for a long distance motor boat race from Seattle to Juneau. The boats are to touch at Vancouver, Prince Rupert and Ketchikan, making the distance to be covered over a thousand miles. One of the Guggenheims has gone to New York to New York to get the trophies and arrange for boats to be sent from the east for the race. Ten boats have already been entered, and Capt. W. E. Johnson has left for San Francisco and Los Angeles to arrange for more entries. The race will be for boats thirty feet or over, and a pilot will be allowed to be carried, but owner must be on board. The race will be under the auspices of the Seattle Yacht Club, who will run a press dispatch boat with the racers. This is the longest race ever attempted and will be run in August of next year.—Ketchikan Miner.

Be sure you are out at the Mask Ball, Friday evening. You'll be sorry if you miss it.

That old pipe of yours is fierce, better get a new one from Pat's.

The Northland called in on her way south, Tuesday of this week. She brought a little freight for local people.

## Raw Furs!

WE PAY  
**High Prices for  
Fine Furs**

Write for Price List  
**Percy's Fur House**  
OSHKOSH, WISCONSIN  
Established 1872

## NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that John Schuler, administrator of the estate of Amelia Schuler, deceased, has filed in the Probate Court of Wrangell Precinct, Alaska, his final account, and the Court has set February 15, 1910, as the day for hearing objections, and all persons having objection thereto, are cited to appear on that date at one o'clock p. m. at the court house at Wrangell.

Dated December 14, 1909.

JOHN SCHULER  
Administrator.

Get your costume ready for the ball tomorrow night. You may get a prize if you do, but anyhow you will have a good time. Nobody allowed on the floor unless they are in costume.

Monday night's dance though gotten up in a hurry was a very pleasant affair. The music was excellent and the crowd a jolly one. It were a pity that we cannot have more like it during the long winter months.

The lighthouse tender Manzanita, which had come north with supplies for the Lincoln Rock Lighthouse, was in harbor over night Sunday.

The schooner Lindsay, en route to the westward, was a port caller Christmas, waiting for a tide to go through the narrows.

Adj. Smith was a passenger on the Jefferson en route to Ketchikan.

Christmas was observed at the different Churches.

This paper is in receipt of the information that the Humboldt will be back on the Southeastern Alaska run on or about January 15. The Humboldt company is negotiating for another vessel to operate in connection with her.

Washing and ironing, pressing, cleaning and plain sewing at Mrs. Wm. Lewis'.

Gus Lehner, who has been fish-out of Scow Bay, came over to spend the holidays.

Louis Levy, representing Joseph Ullmann, the big New York FUR buyer, will spend the winter in Southeastern Alaska, making frequent calls at Wrangell.

Being unable to get possession of them in any other way, W. K. West, a special agent of the general land office, secured a search warrant to find certain papers which were reported to have been taken from the Juneau land office. The missing papers have a bearing on the Bering lake coal cases.

## No Christmas Dinner There

Roy Cole and Billy Neill can both testify to the truth of the old saying "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." They started out to go to Ketchikan last Friday, intending to eat Christmas dinner with friends in that town, but their share of the dinner remained uneaten. They were slipping along through the water as smoothly as you please, when with hardly a moment's warning they lost their propeller. Fortunately they were not very far from Lincoln Rock at the time where the tender, Manzanita happened to be, which vessel was summoned to the relief of the Ucle Dan, and later towed her to this port, arriving Sunday evening.

Tom Case is considering leaving the ranks of the socialists and entering that of the monopolist and landlord. This week he erected a skyscraper and is now looking for tenants.

Patenaude carries the best in Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, and Smokers' supplies in general.

The gas boat Emily M. was sold at Marshal's sale last Monday, on an attachment. Walter Dort was the high bidder, and the vessel was knocked down to him for \$350.

Marcus Wigg came over from the narrows this week and will be in town for a day or two. A shortage of herring is spoiling the fishing for the halibut men.

## Notice To Tax Payers

Notice is hereby given that the Tax Roll of the Town of Wrangell, Alaska, for the year 1909, is in the hands of the Town Treasurer, and that such taxes are now due and payable. Taxes will become delinquent on December 31, 1909, when, if they are not paid, a penalty of Five per cent. will be added.

Dated this 8th day of November, 1909.

LEO PATENAUDE,  
Town Treasurer.

## To Our Patrons

We take this opportunity to thank all our friends for their generous patronage of the past year, and wish you a

**Happy and  
Prosperous  
New Year**

**St. Michael Trading Co.**

Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention

**Wrangell - - Alaska**

**Olympic Restaurant**

**BEST MEALS  
GOOD BAKING**

*Bread, Pies and Cakes for sale*

**WRANGELL - - ALASKA**

**NORTHERN  
Machine Works  
KETCHIKAN**

Agents for

**Standard Gas Engines**

General

**Machine and Blacksmith Work**

**S. C. SHURICK, M. D.**

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON  
**CALLS ATTENDED DAY OR NIGHT**

OFFICE, REAR OF DRUG STORE

**WRANGELL - ALASKA**

**C. A. EMERY, D. D. S.**

DENTISTRY PRACTICED

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

Office on Church Street

Hours, 9 to 12 and 1 to 5

Other hours by Appointment

**WRANGELL - ALASKA**

**Stickine Tribe Number 5**

**Imp. O. R. M.**

Meets Tuesday evening of each week at Red Men's Hall, Wrangell, Alaska. Sojourning chiefs always welcomed.

Wm. Cook, Sachem.  
A. V. R. Snyder, C. of R.

**PATENAUDE**

carries a fine line of

**SMOKERS'  
ARTICLES**

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL

**COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON**

*Too busy to say more now, Come in and We'll tell you about it*

**WRANGELL DRUG CO.,**

**Wholesale and Retail Druggists**